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With blood and rapine marked;  
While some immersed in slothful ease,  
Study each appetite to please,  
In Pleasure's cause embarked.

Others well skilled in fraud and guile,  
Do study every artful wile,  
On mankind to impose;  
The mask of honesty they wear,  
No friendly hand to lay them bare,  
Or the bad heart expose.

Some madly run the wild career,  
And strangers to each cautious fear,  
Are first in Folly's rage;  
Each fleeting fashion they pursue,  
How strange soever it is new,  
They're eager in the chase.

Horse, or dog, or dice attracts,  
The silly mortal ne'er reflects,  
'Till ruin him assails;  
Then he has leisure for sad thought,  
And then experience dearly bought  
Severe distress entails.

While others—but, alas! how few,  
To true Religion's dictates true,  
Pursue a virtuous way;  
Steady in view they keep the end,  
They for a glorious prize contend,  
A crown will ne'er decay.

Still, my young friend, be this your aim,  
Superior e'en to love of fame;  
Or sordid thirst of gain;  
This will sustain you in distress,  
Will every want and woe redress,  
Even blunt the dart of pain. LYDIA.

#### A SONNET.

WHILE pensive on the lonely plain,  
Far from the sight of her I love;  
To the clear stream I tell my pain,  
And sigh my passion to the grove.

Echo, sweet goddess of the wood,  
From all thy calls, resound my care:  
Thou Stream, along thy silver flood,  
Convey my murmurs to the fair.

Tell her, oh! tell the charming maid,  
In vain the feather'd warblers sing;  
In vain the trees extend their shade,  
Or blooming Flora paints the spring.

For absent from her dearer arms,  
Not all those beauties can invite;  
But did she bless her William's arms  
Ev'n barren deserts would delight.

Dungannon, WILLIAM.

#### SONNET TO COL. WARDLE.

IF bounteous Rome, philanthropy to  
wake,  
Decreed that citizen a civic wreath,  
Who should spontaneously existence stake,  
And snatch one freeman from impending  
death.

What nobler trophy can reward his worth,  
Who, serving millions, in an injur'd state,  
Drags vile Corruption, cringing, to the  
earth,

And brands the satellites her bribes create?

Such meed thou claims't, Oh WARDLE!  
justly, fam'd,

When Luxury the arm of Pow'r unnerv'd,  
And Peculation scandalously sham'd  
The public trust, and pride poor merit  
starv'd!

Thou dar'd denounce them.—Such con-  
summate worth,  
The People shall applaud, while truth has  
friend on earth.

Ballycarry.

O.

WRITTEN IN A GROVE, NEAR BELFAST.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells in my breast, and turns the past to pain.  
GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Spring is returning, drest out in  
gay green,

Her wild, simple beauties unveil'd to the  
day;

New graces play round her, and all the  
bright scene

Invites us from dull smoky cities to stray:  
Ah! oft I will stray to this favourite grove,  
Where fond recollection endears every  
tree—

Where ever through life I am destin'd to  
rove,

Still, still those lov'd haunts will be dear  
unto me.

Along by this river, beneath these lov'd  
trees,

With ——— how often delighted I've  
been;

The birds too, as now, join'd their notes  
in the breeze,

And beauty and harmony dwelt in the  
scene;

And still these delights in the scene may  
appear

To a mind from distress and inquietude  
free;

But though those sweet shades to my torn  
heart are dear,

Yet beauty nor harmony lives not to me.

Thou flow'st silent stream! and for ages  
may flow,

An emblem, methinks, of eternity's tide;  
Thou holdest thy course still majestic  
and slow,

Nor regardest frail man as he sinks by  
thy side;

Yet in him whom I mourn was each virtue  
combin'd,

Nor ever again on thy margin thou't see